- The moon is in a state of decrepitude, a de The moon is in a same of determined, a surbl. - Professor Froctor.

 The moon is dead—defunct—played out— Somy a very learned doctor; She looketh well, beyond a doubt; l'erhapa she's in a trance, dear Proctor.
- At any rate, she's most entrancing For one of such decrepit age; And on her radiant beauties glancing, Size charms the eyes of youth and sage.
- And so the man upon her's perished!

 He lived in delecti isolation!

 Door wretch! No wife his bosom cherished,

 No children squalled his consolation. Yet she's adexed by all the Gypsies, Whose lovers sigh beneath her beams, She aids the steps of staggering fipsies, And silvers o'er romantic streams.
- And once she caught Endymion sleeping, And she stooped to kiss him in a grove. Upon lum very slyly creeping; He was her first and early love.
- But that's a very ancient story, And was a youthful fudiscretion,
 When she was in her primal glory,
 Ere scandal schools had held a session.
- Dear, darling moon! I dete upon her, I watch her nightly in the sky; But oh! upon my word of henor, I'd rather she were dead than L.

A RACE FOR A WIFE.

I have this story from a friend who was dear to me. He related it to me one day as we were talking on the hazards of life, more astonishing and more romantic a hundred times, than the inventions of fiction. He had seen this little drama instead of a fortune. He had not a pendevelop itself; he still knew the actors in it. "I will present you," he said to me, "and we will go together to Mezieres, where we will find one of the heroes of this parrative still living. All the romances have not yet been written; the and this is what he sail to us as we most marvelons have still to be published. And who knows how many romances each one of us takes away with him profoundly buried in the secreey of his conscience, painfully smothered under the tombstone?" Eugene Decary did not know how true his words were, and the story of Jean Chevaucheux was the last that he told me. It is he who will tell you the story.

the high street, in a house I can still see | shall marry my daughter; you start on before my eyes with its slate roof and | the same day, it is probable that you reprojecting beams, a hospitable house if | turn on the same day. Well, the one ever there was one. Poor folks new the | who first comes and shakes hands with way to it. They entered with their wal- | Father Servan, and says: "Here I am, We were all seated one night at the fire- the husband of Marguerite; side; my father was smoking his pipe a boy with frightened looks. "What is the matter?"

just fallen exhausted before the door." My father loved soldiers, He rose brusquely, ran out, and there he was, before I had taken a step, coming in again with a young soldier leaning upon him, or, rather, my father had taken

My mother hastened to draw the big arm-chair up to the fire. The soldier was made to sit, or rather recline in it, and my lather said, looking at the poor "Is it possible! Walking in that

The fact is that the soldier was very thin and pale, his hair flattened on his forehead, the veins of his temples big as your little finger, his face black with dust. We were then in the month of October, and the weather was beginning to grow fresh, but the poor fellow was neverthelesss sweating big drops as if it had been dog days. He must have had a long tramp. His shoes were in shreds; you could see where the stones had torn the leather; the left foot was bleeding. The soldier did not move, but remained in the arm-chair, with his head thrown back, his eyes half open and white as a

on the fire and a panful of wine. "Bah," said my father, "the first thing to be looked after is the feet."

And, kneeling down, he began to tear and cut away the shreds of leather. The soldier's feet, all swollen, and full of by hard cords, which we see in the pictures of the Spanish painters. My father dipped his handkerchief in vinegar and washed the wounds,

"You," he said to me, "make some

that my mother had taken out of the again, but to marry her.

Meanwhile the soldier had come to himself. He looked at us, at my father, my mother, and myself, and the two or seemed to interrogate everything. It was no longer the road, the stones, the great deserted woods that he saw before him, but a gay room, with a ceiling of and fork laid, and a brown earthenware of it. After all, one gets over it. soup-bowl emitting a savory smeil of

father, with confused emotion: "Ah! Monsieur. But you do not know

"Ah! well, that does not matter; we will become acquainted at the table."

wished to bear the soldier company. He sat down to table opposite him, as it were brooding over him, and looking at | so we went on hoping. the regimental buttons that shone on his charge of the wine, and the glasses did not long remain empty.

"Well," said my father, suddenly, pointing to the tin box that the soldier carried slung on a cord, "you have finished your time, for there is your conge. Then why do you kill yourself by toiling along the highway? I see how the matter stands. You have no

money to pay for the diligence?" "I?" replied the soldier. "I have received my pay and my bounty, and my mother has sent me enough to pay for a place in the coupe, if I had liked. But

I could not." "I understand," said my father, who did not understand it all. Then he asked for another bottle of wine. When the meal was over the soldier tried to walk. He tottered, uttered a smothered cry, and fell back into the chair. I then saw a tear in his eye. He was a young man, rather thin, but nervous, dark and with an energetic look. He was not a man to shed a tear for a little, and that tear puzzled me. 'Ah," he said with a movement in

which there was a little anger and a good deal of grief; "I shall not be able to walk until to-morrow morning." "Walk!" cried my mother, terrified.

The soldier shook his head. "You don't know, you, I must." It was a vow.

In our Ardennes those primitive souls have respect and faith. I saw my father look at the young man in the face with-out astonishment, and with mute inter-

rogation. "Yes," said the soldier, "I will tell you the whole story. You have, perhaps, saved my life; I ought, at least, to tell you who I am. My name is Jean Chevancheux, and my father is a wood-splitter at Mozieres. He is an honest man, like at Mexicres. He is an honest man, like you, monsieur. Seven years ago, when I drew for the conscription, I was madly in love with Marguerite Servan, a good hearty girl and a pretty one. I had already asked her in marriage, and her father had not said no; but, you see, Pierre Puvioux had asked her in marriage, and passed him.

How many children and women are slowly and surely dying, or rather being killed, by excessive doctoring, or the daily use of some drug or drunken stuff called medicine, that no one knows what it is made of, who can easily be walk again. That little halt had done me good. I walked, walked and walked until I had caught up with Puvioux and passed him. riage at the same time that I did. Pierre "At night, too, I was well ahead, but | See other column.

his heart in his hand, as the saying is; gay and well-looking. I ought to have detested him, and he has remained my friend. Well, Father Servan said to me as he held out his hand:

"You are worthy to be my son-in-law, my lad; but first of all you must please my daughter. I will ask her.

"Marguerite, when asked, said that she would gladly consent to be my wife. But she said the same when they talked to her about Puvioux. She loved both of us, one as much as the other; she hesitated-she did not dare to decide. But still she could not marry both of us,

"Time went on. When the time of the conscription came we drew lots, Puvioux and I, on the same day. I had No. 3 and he had No. 7, and so we both of us became soldiers. For a moment I was in a state of great fright, I confess. army, Puvioux would marry Marguerite, and I, knowing that I should be obliged

rending my ears and my heart." her, upon my honor, I think I should heavens, if I arrived too late!"

blow out my brains. "Luckily, Pierro Pavioux was not bought off. His aunt died, leaving debts ny any more than I had. We were obliged to shoulder our guns, and we were expected on our way-bill every moment. One night Father Servan took us each by the arm and led us to an inn, emptied a bottle of Moselle wine:

Ardennais, equal in merit. I love you with all my heart, One of you shall be my son in-law; that is understood, Marguerite will wait seven years. She has no preference either for you, Puvioux, or for you, Chevaneneux, but she loves both of you, and she will make happy the one whom fortune shall choose These My tather used to live at Rethel, in | are the conditions on which one of you

"I was astonished; I thought that I and watching the fire burn, my mother | had misunderstood. I looked at Pierre was ironing, and I was reading, when we Puvioux and he looked at me, and, alheard a noise at the door, and saw enter | though we were sad enough at heart, we were certainly ready to burst out laugh-

But Father Servan was not joking. "It is a soldier very tired who has He had discovered this means of getting out of the difficulty, and he meant to stick to it. I held out my hand, and swore to act neither by ruse or violence, and to let Pierre Pavioux marry Marguerite, if he returned to Mezieres bewhile Father Servan said:

> rn safe and sound. "He filled our glasses once more, and

we drank a parting draught. one in the shade coming in the same direction. I stopped short. It was Pierre Puvioux. He seemed vexed to find me there. I was not particularly pleased to I suffer no more. En route!" meet him. We stood there for a moment like two simpletons looking at the toes of our boots. Then with a movement of courage I said to Puvioux;

" 'Shall we go in together?' "We entered and took our farewell of Marguerite. She listened to us without saying anything, but there were tears at the tips of her blonde eye-lashes. Suddenly Pierre, who was talking, stopped and began to sob and I to do the same. My mother had already put some soup | Then Marguerite joined in, and there we were all three shedding tears and pressing each others hands.

"When the diligence that took us away from Mezieres began to rattle on the pavement the next day, I felt inclined to throw myself down from the martyrs, swollen with pain and weakened imperial and get crushed under the theels. The more so as there was a Lorrainer at my side who was singing in a melancholy voice a song of his country, and I said to myself: 'It is all over Jean, you will never see her again.'

"Well, you see, time passes. The seven years are over, and who knows? And I began to tear up some old linen Perhaps I am not only going to see her "There are, indeed, strange chances in life," continued Jean Chevaucheux.

"Pierce and I started on the same day, and at the same hour, and we were three neighbors who had come in, one placed in the same regiment. At first I was vexed. I should have liked to have after the other. His wandering eyes known that he was far away. As you may imagine, I could not love him much, But I reflected afterward that if Puvioux was with me I could at least him, but a gay room, with a ceiling of shinting oak, a cloth on the table, knife I said to myself, I am in for seven years "In the regiment I became a fast friend of Pierce Pavioux. He proved to Then he raised himself up, leaning on be an excellent good fellow, and at night, the arms of the chair, and said to my in order to kill time, we used often to

talk of Mezieres, of Father Servan, and of Marguerite. We used to write to Mezieres often, but each told the other the contents of his letters. It was a struggle, it is true, but it was loval. We had already dined, but my father | When Margnerite or old Servan replied, the letter was for both of us. An equal dose of hope was given to each of us, and

"One day the Colonel took it into his cloak. The soldier ate, and ate heartily; head to appoint me Corporal, I was my mother served him. My father took | vexed and proud at the same time. You see, I was no longer the equal of Puvioux. My stripes gave me the right to command him, and in the eyes of our Ardennais, that was no small advantage. But I did not glory in my rank; on the contrary, it made me ill at ease. I did not dare to talk to Puvioux any more. Then I reflected that there were more ways than one of getting rid of my next rank. I neglected my duty and was forthwith degraded. But who should be made Corporal in my stead but Puvioux. But Puvioux was not to be outdone; at the end of a week he resigned. After that there was no danger of any propositions being made to us to make any change in our uniform. We were con-

demned to remain common soldiers. "So much the better,' said Puvioux, 'What luck!' said L "When we had served our seven years

tory day by day—I said to Puvioux:

"Well, now is the time to start, eh?"

"Ah! it is to you that I owe all my happiness, monsieur! My child, my little boy, look at him, my little Pierre! It was my wife who wished that he should have that name. Isn't he a fine at Mezieres, and until the loser has declared that the combat has been loval."

"And so one merit my day by day—I said to Puvioux:

"Ah! it is to you that I owe all my happiness, monsieur! My child, my little boy, look at him, my little Pierre! It was my wife who wished that he should have that name. Isn't he a fine boy, and strongly built? And my shop losy, and strongly built? And my shop is going on first-rate. My wife! I adore tory day by day-I said to Puvioux: on our feet and stick in hand we set out were in garrison. At first we walked along in company, not saying much, thinking a good deal, and walking above every thing. The weather was terribly hot and dusty. Half way on one of our marches I sat down on the roadside overwhelmed with fatigue.

"'Are you going to stay there?' said Puvioux to me. " 'Yes, "'Adien!' he said continuing his march.

"Au revoir!" "I watched him as he went on with a firm step as if he had only just started.

Puvioux is a man of my age, who carries I was worn out. I entered an inn to sleep a little. I slept all night. In the morning I woke up. I saw that the day was getting on; I was furious and called "You have not seen a soldier pass on

> "Yes, monsieur le militaire, very late last night. He asked for a glass of

"Ah! I was outstripped in my turn! I started hurriedly. At three o'clock in the afternoon I had not caught up Puvioux, nor at six o'clock either. At night I took my rest while I ate, and tient, cut a cancer from the intricate There is a preference always for "old started to walk again. I walked a good tissues, and the subject is not only alive girls," on account of their experience, part of the night, but my strength had but in better health than ever. Before and the family who can secure an old limits. Once more I stopped. I knocked making the experiment the doctor pracat an inn. The door opened, and there ticed exhaustively on the stomach of among these that the fatal weakness for sitting in a chair I saw Puvioux, pale as | dogs, removing various parts, restoring mince pie ingredients was discovered, death. He make a movement of dis- the covering, and succeeded in establish- and an investigation has taken place. It pleasure when he saw me that was nat-ural. We did not talk much. What ural. We did not talk much. What resection. The human subject was a wo-People at Mezieres said that Puvioux could we say? We were both tired man, and the cancer enormous, leaving that a rich aunt, and that she would buy the great thing was to know who should some doubt in the operator's mind as to with an English butler, one of those him off. If Pavioux did not join the get up first for the next morning. It the elasticity of the stomach to adjust chaps who says the orn of the unter is WHS I

"The next morning was this morning. to go on, for I was poor. I thought I Since this morning I have been walking. The woman began by drinking milk, and already heard the fiddler at the wedding, taking a rest now and then, but only a graduated to more substantial alimentary very short one. We are getting close. "I must tell you that Marguerite Rethel is the last stage between Angers the opening of the stomach, the cutting Servan has not her equal. If I lost her and Mezieres, I know my map of of the masses of tissue-like covering, now, after having waited seven years for | France now. The last stage! Great | the removal of several pounds of cancer-

> "And Pierre Puvioux," asked my father, "has he caught you up?" "No," replied Chevaucheux, "I am ahead. If I could start now, I should not surprised by this wonderful performbe saved. "Start? In this state? Impossible!"

"I know-my feet are swellen and adies,-Philadelphia Times, cut-and provided that to-morrow-"To-morrow you will be rested-you will be able to walk." Do you think so?" said the soldier, "My boys, you are good and honest with a look ardent as lightning. "I promise you."

My father then advised the soldier to to bed. Chevancheux did not refuse. The bed was ready. He shook hands never wear out their hoofs. The roads with us and went up to his room. It was are neither softer nor smoother than "I will wake you at five o'clock," said

my father. It was not yet daylight on the followng morning when my father, already looked out of the window to see how to weather was. While he was at the cipitous ridges, yet they never suffer from contracted feet, or from corns or window he heard some heavy footsteps let empty and went away with it full. my time is out," he, I swear, shall be on the road below, and in the obscure vilight that precedes daybreak he perseived a soldier who was walking in the | quality of the soil, be it hard or soft, direction of Mezieres. "Up already?" said my father,

The soldier stopped.

"Well," continued my father, "are The soldier looked up and tried to make out who was speaking to him. 'You are Jean Chevaucheux, are you asked my father.

"No," said the soldier; "I am Pierre Pavioux." And as if that name of Chevancheux fore I did. Pierre stood up and swore | had been the prick of a spur, he resumed | horses' feet exposed to hard objects are him up and was carrying him like a sack the same, and then we shook hands his walk more rapidly, and was soon lost made harder by the contact, provided while Father Servan said:

"Now, the rest is your affair. The no longer see him he could hear the noise Geo. W. Fox. only thing is to escape bullets and to re- of his shoes on the road leading to

"Ah !" said my father to himself, "Before leaving, I wished to see Marmeans to catch up that man." And he guerite. Just as I was arriving under went straight to the room where Jean Patrick Kenny, Esq., some time ago, sufher window—it was at dusk—I saw some had slept. He was already up and look- fered much from rheumatism and tried ing at his feet by the light of a candle. 'Victory !" he cried, when he saw my father ; "I feel fresh and strong, and 'And quickly," replied my father. Puvioux has just passed through "Pierre Puvioux?"

"I have just spoken to him. He passed under our window going along as if the devil were after him. "Ah, mon Dieu!" exclaimed Chevaucheux, as if he had been struck down. He repeated once more: "Ah! mon Dieu?" Then he buckled on his knapsack, and cried: "After all, what you have told me gives me courage. Let me

In the room below, my mother, already up, was filling a wallet with provisions for Chevancheux, But he refused, He was not hungry. Nevertheless he let her fill him a flask of brandy, and putting on a pair of my father's shoes he started, blessing my mother and leaning on my father's arm to take the first

Three or four years after this we had heard no news of Chevancheux. We used often to talk of that evening when the soldier had come into our house bleeding and weary. What had become of him? What had been the end of that romance of love so strangely begun? One day my father had to go to Meziers on business. He took me with him. At Mezieres he wished to enter the first barber's shop that he saw to get shaved. On the door-step a little child was sit ting with its legs apart, and smiling at

'Will you allow me to pass?" asked v father, laughing. 'No. I won't," replied the child with

little lisp. At that moment the door opened, and man in his shirt-sleeves appeared —the ather-and took the child up in his "Pierre! Pierre! do you want to drive

away the customers?" I recognized the voice, and so did my father. We looked at the barber. The barber looked at us. It was Jean Chev-

He laid the child down at once and peld out his hand. His face was all red and beaming with pleasure. 'What, is it you? Ah! and to think that I have never written to you. Ah! you don't know. It is I who married her; I arrived first."

And rushing into the back shop: "Marguerite! Marquerite!" he cried, "Come, He was wild with joy. A young wo-man appeared, blonde, pretty, blue-eyed, with a pensive and gentle air, a little

"You do not know?" said Chevaucheux to her. "It was this gentleman who took care of me so well at Rethel the night before I arrived at your father's * * * I have often and often talked to you about him. * * * This

is the gentleman." Marguerite fixed her large, calm eyes upon, saluted us and thanked us softly; then, as her husband continued to evoke the past, she looked at him tenderly with a look that supplicated and was -for I do not mean to tell you our his- not without reproach. But Jean saw nothing.

"The other?" said Chevaucheux, He carled his lower lip, did not see that Marguerite turned her head away, and answered: "Poor Puvioux? Poor fellow, he arrived second; and that very evening-it made me cry, I can tell you—he threw himself into the river."

gathering together a handful of thorns to sit upon.

Drunken Stuff.

trust in them. Will you be saved by them? Bitters! See other column. Get Their Cans Full.

TO MENT THE RESIDENCE OF THE PARTY OF THE PA

Medical Adventure.

Medical adventure, which during the There is no doubt that there is a regulast century has left few of the physical lar saturnalia going on throughout the penetralia of humanity unexplored, has just conquered the last delicate obstacle among the rest is the startling amount to the rehabilitation of the body. Operations involving the cutting of the throat and the introduction of food by artificial means were thought to be the sly, and it was only recently, when a utmost venture that science would ever number of New York gentlemen got to successfully make in replacing the wasted, talking about their servant girls, that it wounded, or decaying forces of nature. was discovered five out of six of them But a Vienna physician, Professor Bill- were addicted to putting an enemy into roth, has invaded the stomach of a pa their mouths to steal away their brains, proper caper among high-toned families itself after the cutting out of such a 'eard on the 'ill, and an English servant mass. But no difficulty was experienced. speech, and the loose manner in which the wine has been guarded, in trying to nourishment. The operation involved ated accumulation, the reclosing of the aperture, and the provision for artificial distension of the new coating. Physicians the world over will be delighted if ance, removing as it does mother from they would meet. In the course of an the girls failed to get up in the morning on time, and they were found spread around on the floor, with their heads in a coal scuttle and their feet on top of each other, with bottles to right and left f them, that had volleyed and thunred, they were supposed to be the vicims of some designing person, who had duced them to drink Irish whisky under the impression that it was spring water. But when the thing had happened thirty or forty times, and the peo ple of the house had been obliged t send out to some restaurant for their breakfasts, the naked truth began to dawn on them and the girls were rea-

condition, especially among those of the

The Art of Being a Bore.

malady of this French people, which

passes for the wittiest nation in the

world, and is so in fact; but which occa-

'I may seem to be uttering a paradox,

the purpose of appearing to be witless.

ing, laughing France of ours it has be-

come a profession to be a bore.

tiently practice for years.

vent, 'never laugh !'

is a safe conduct to all aspirations.

"Nevertheless, it must not be sup

"A certain apprentice in diplomacy

who was not greatly worried by his ex-

cess of brain-power once asked M. de

Talleyrand for advice how to succeed in

" 'First of all,' replied Prince Bene-

"Thanks, Monseigneur-and then'-

"And secondly—never laugh!"
"There is no use denying it, the whole

secret lies in that. Fancy the influence

Tickling induces laughter, except tickling in

The Colored Porter.

who travel that the sleepiest in the

sleeper is the colored porter. The

shricking of the locomotive will some-

times cause him to open an eye, and the

arouse him suddenly, but no passenger has yet been able to produce similar

effects, although human ingenuity has

been violently exercised in that direc-

tion. But just as the thirsty occupant

of a berth or section is about to give up

in despair, or get up in a fury, a Trojan

inventor throws himself into the situa-

tion, and instantly all is changed-the

porter is at last at the mercy of the pas-

battery in the car is connected with an

of his pers uncl, he is ready for business,

and proves to be both obliging and effec-

tive. Whether or not this admirable in-

vention has been patented, we are not

THE Elmira Free Press says that

I Could Never Have Done

MRS. C. V. CALHOUN, New York.

no ise.

It is a well-known fact among people

a man must have who never laughs!"-

weaker sex. -Peck's Sun.

the young men, are such bores."

cold, and and serious.

observed.

Unshod Horses. In Mexico, Peru, Brazil and elsewhere, unshed horses are daily worked over roads of all kinds, carrying heavy packs from the interior down to the coast the journey to and fro being often extended to several hundred miles, and they those of England and Ireland. On the wilds of Exmoer and Dartmoor, as also in the Orkneys and on the Welsh hills, and in many parts of Continental Enrope, horses run unshed over rocks, brough ravines, and up and down preeracks, until they become civilized and have been shod. Differences in the stony or sandy, smooth and slippery, soned with, or fired out, according to are of comparatively little importance the kind of a boss they had. Some of to the horse whose feet are as nature these orgies have been watched through made them. The unshed horse can deal the kitchen windows, and the entertainsuccessfully with all roads. In the rement is said to possess a rare interest treat of the French army from Moscow, that is alone worth the price of admisthe horses lost all their shoes before sion. Of course, the aristocratic familthey reached Vistala; yet they found ies where these blows-out have occurred. their way to France over hard, rough are greatly shocked, and have taken and frozen ground. The natural sole of measures to prevent any recurrence of the horse's foot is almost impenetrable. them. The idea that a common servant | lishment of his now powerful journal. It is so hard and strong as to protect the should presume to get aristocratically sensible sole from all harm. And all drunk, on first-class liquor, and fall un- too, are not apt to be severe on lavish der the table, just like their superiors, is display. It makes trade brisk, and the galling as the old Harry, and strict orders are now given that it must not Napoleon sarcastically called the Engoccur again. And that is right, too, | lish seventy years ago-a nation of shop-

Did Him Good. Mr. Charles H. Bauer, editor of the New York Union, and Notary Public, in almost every means to rid himself of this met one of our comediennes, who is genpainful evil, but in vain. He was advised erally recognized as among the most use St. Jacobs Oil, which he did so amiable in her profession, and especially accessfully, that all pain has left him fond of gavety." and he is as healthy and strong as ever before. Mr. Kenny is an enthusiastic advocate of St. Jacobs Oil, and it has lone him good. New York Union,

Why We Ask People to Dinner.

In asking people to dinner you should put to yourself the question, "Why do I ask them?" and unless the answer he satmuch to the agreeability and sociality of the entertainment. They may be emamental; it may be necessary, in a give-and-take sense, to have them in return for a dinner already long received and social, unaffected and elever men, they are not likely to contribute much to the hilarity of the entertainment. You may ask a man because he talks brilliantly and elequently; because he is a distincause he is a "jolly good fellow." But do not ask any, however much above the average, who is a pig, who is pretentions, who is disputations or who has not the feelings, habits, manners and education of a gentlemen. The presence of men of this stamp is destructive of good fellowship. They are social pets.—Gas-

That Terrible Master, Superstition. Rev. J. Pearse, of the London Misionary Society, writes that "every vestge of idolatry has been swept away from the districts in Madagascar in which he labors, and yet that they are great believers in charms, superstitions, and witchcraft. It was reported that a dog had spoken and had announced that hurricane, causing grievous famine, mense hailstones would descend, that even the heavens would fall. To avert this the people were told to get six black and six white beads and to wear them round the neck and no harm would come to them. Soon after this men. women, and children were seen with twelve beads strong around their necks. The fear of witches and witcheraft is n great evil among this people. They are not idolaters, but their Christianity has in it a bad mixture.

We never saw any one joyous when suffering from pain; -neuralgia, for in stance. In relation to this malady Mr. George Guyett, Prop. Guyett House, thus informed our representative; I have used St. Jacobs Oil for neuralgia, and can confidently recommend it to any one similarly affected.—Sheboygan Falls, Sheboygan Co. News.

Denver People. A Denver correspondent of the Hartford Times says: To discriminate in speaking of society here is to prepare to escive the censure of some and the approval of others; but your correspondent can safely assert that it is decidedly a mixture. Culture is not a necessary qualification. It would seem that wealth | senger. This gratifying transformation staken for an equivalent for education is accomplished through the aid of and refinement. Recent discoveries in electricity. The wire from a powerful the mines have made "bonanza kings." "And so one morning, with good shoes on our feet and stick in hand we set out or Mezieres from Angers, where we denote the combat has been loval."

"And so one morning, with good shoes been done our feet and stick in hand we set out or Mezieres from Angers, where we denote the combat has been loval."

"And so one morning, with good shoes been done on the combat has been loval."

"And so one morning, with good shoes been done on the combat has been loval."

"And so one morning, with good shoes been done on the combat has been loval."

"And all this I owe to you!"

"And all this I owe to you!"

"And the other!" asked I, imprude the combat has been loval.

"And all this I owe to you!"

"And the other!" asked I, imprude the combat has been loval.

"And all this I owe to you!"

"And the other!" asked I, imprude the combat has been loval.

"And the solution of the combat has been loval."

"And the solution of the combat has been loval."

"And the solution of the combat has been loval."

"And the solution of the combat has been loval."

"And the solution of the combat has been loval."

"And the solution of the combat has been loval."

"And all this I owe to you!"

"And the other!" asked I, imprude he combat has been loval.

"And the solution of the combat has been loval."

"And the solution of the combat has been loval."

"And the solution of the combat has been loval."

"And the solution of the combat has been loval."

"And the solution of the combat has been loval."

"And the solution of the combat has been loval."

"And the solution of the combat has been loval."

"And the solution of the combat has been loval."

"And the solution of the combat has been loval."

"And the solution of the combat has been loval."

"And the solution of the combat has been loval."

"And the solution of the combat has been loval."

"And the solution of the combat has been loval."

"And the solution of the combat has been loval."

"And the solution of the combat has been loval." istic of the average Denverite

THE London Medical Journal insists that Bright's disease is the result of the immoderate use of iced drinks, and seeks to prove this with figures showing that informed. - Troy Times. the disease prevails in any country in proportion with the amount of ice consumed there. We of the United States use 90 Many people are busy in the world per cent. more ice than any European ed," but as that paper failed to spell it country, and the disease is 75 per cent. "Eve-icted" it allowed an opportunity to worse than in Europe. Eugland comes unpardonably slip away.—New Haven next, while in the wine-drinking countries the disease is very seldom seen, and no rent, and his absentee Landlord comin semi-civilized nations, where ice is not pelled him to leave early in the fall. used, it is wholly unknown.

Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; foctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know How to Get Well. Which is answered in three words: Take Hop | and Liver Cure.

whose shaded streets are inhabited by at least three royal personages during certure of the White House, but it is very little, if any, more than the budget given the French Executive. It is true that the French President, being in a great capital like Paris, is compelled to girl with the same himpediment of entertain more than is considered necessary in Washington, but Grevy has not followed the precedents established by ape the English aristocracy, has led the Thiers and MacMahon. The hospitali girls into temptation. Recently there | ties under Thiers vied with the most have been some high old times in the sumptuous fites of royalty, while the back kitchens of the first families, and I Irish in MacMahon led him to keep the where two or three servant girls were | Palace of Elysee-the French White gathered together of an evening there | House-open every day in the year to would be a feast of reason and a flow of the young military men and nobles of fluids. The wine and other liquors left | the Republic, whose pay gives them li over from the meals of the family and the opportunity to live well. The mos their guests would be put away for fu- showy entertainments of the Republic the list of generally supposed fatal mal- ture reference, and when enough had ac- are, curiously enough, those given by cumulated to make it an object, invita- | Gambetta at the Palais Bourbon-the tions would be sent out by the servant of | place assigned the Speaker of the Asone house to her acquaintances, and sembly. It was originally the Palace of the Princess of Conda, of the house evening they would probably imbibe half a dozen different kinds of liquor, and the Under Napoleon III. it was known as testilt would be paralysis. At first, when | the Palace of the Legislative Corps, or Congress. Here Gambetta lives in more regal state than Grevy. He is surrounded by a regiment of the Republican Guard, strapping six-footers, with brass helmets and long yellow plumes falling down their backs. When he goes out officially a company of this glittering corps guards the Speaker's carriage, and on public occasions surround him in his official promenades. Anything less democratic than the state and ceremonic of Gambetta can not well be imagined It was this weakness for ceremonial and luxury that first broke the cohesion of his support in the Legislature-the dep nties who had known him living merrily on a roll and a glass of wine at the cafe Procope reflecting with scorn and bitter

In Paris he had a modest "apartment

atemperance is a sad, an unfortunate keepers. About Hornets.

forms of Imperialism that he had in his

youth and poverty cauterized with such

eloquence and persistency. But though

Old Jerry Greening, the hunter, says that on one occasion he shot a bear and was going to drag the carcass home, when he discovered the bear had just "The other night at the opera ball I been robbing a yellow jackets' nest and was still covered with the fiery little insects, "F that b'ar hed only been wounded I'd a waltzed right in an' fixed " 'Well, you have plenty of fun,' I 'im," said Jerry, "but a couple o' them cussed little hot tailed critters came arter " 'Oh, so, so! the men, and especially me an' I skipped, an' I didn't dare go arter thet b'ar 'n two days." "In a single word the fair speaker had inconsciously defined the constitutional

Hornets build their nests high up in the branches of trees or fasten them to the rocks. But as cute as these insects are the bear is more than their match A bear discovers a hornet's nest far out nally expends a vast amount of wit for on a limb beyond his reach. He climbs the tree, breaks the longest branch he can get, and, holding it in his fore paws, a ludicrous contradiction, but the fact I hits the nest until it drops to the ground speak of is simply the exaggerated result Sometimes he dances or stamps on the of our instinctive horror of all that is limb till the nest is shaken off. Should the nest be on a rock the bear goes up to "So great is our horror of canni that the top of the ledge above it, where he we defy it, for the same reason that savgathers stones and sticks and rolls them ages worship what they most fear. This lown the side of the rock till one hits is why, in this insolent, skeptical, mockthe nest and sends it tumbling to the ground below. The hornets appear to know what has caused their ruin and all

remain in the fallen nest till the bear Not a vulgar profession, but an exappears, when they attack him,
"A hornet's sting," says Jerry Greensellent and incomparable one, without risk or peril, which opens all doors and ing, "is bout 's strong 's a whack from a sledge-hammer, an' one hornet T posed that one can succeed the first time, knock a bull down, but their bite won't or in one day in becoming a perfect bore. raise a lump bigger'n a buckshot on a b'ar, an' the shaggy critter thinks its One is not born such under this sun of ours. One can only become so, just as fun. He'll stan' on his hin' legs an' square off with his fore paws jest as ef one becomes an orator, after long and continued violence done to his own na- he were a boxin' with somebody, only ture. Even with the true vocation and he's durn keerful t' keep his eyes shet. especial natural aptitude, one must pa- | Then he'll lay down an' roll over 'em jest ez if he didn't keer a cent for 'em. For it will not suffice to be simply a Once't I seed a she b'ar knock a hornet's nest bigger'n a half-bushel basket off 'n bore; one must also be serious, very sea rock an' pick it up an' tuck it under

> 't were one o' her cubs,"-Correspondent Philadelphia Times.

> > Wooden Boilers.

The almost incredible feat of making steam boilers of wood was accomplished seventy-six years ago in Philadelphia where they were used to furnish steam to the pumps for pumping up the river water for the use of the city water-works, They, however, lasted only two years. when it became so difficult to keep then steam-tight that they were abandoned for iron boilers. How was it possible to heat he Throat, which causes coughing, at once | water in wooden boilers? It was accomemoved by Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. 25 cents plished by having an iron fire-box twelve feet long, six feet wide, and two feet deep, placed inside a rectangular wooden chest, fourteen feet long and nine feet square, made of plank nearly half a foot thick, securely bolted together by iron rods passing through the planks. The iron fire-box had eight vertical flues of one foot in diameter, through which the water circulated, and around which the derailment of the car has been known to derailment of the car has been known to fire acted, and passed apward through an arouse him suddenly, but no passenger oval flue, first above the fire-box, carried from the back of the boiler to near the front and back again, when it passed out into the chimney. It was expected that these boilers would be very economical, on account of the non-conducting prop erty of wood; and so they were to a certain extent, as the boilers did not need any protecting covering.

WHAT is the world? A dream within a dream; as we grow older each step is an inward awakening. The youth awakes, as he thinks from childhood; a full-grown man despises the pursuits of youth as visionary; the old man looks on manhood as a feverish dream. Is death the last sleep?

Indicestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration and all forms of general debility relieved by taking Mensman's Peptonized Beef Tonic, the only preparation of beef containing its entire nutritious properties. It contains blood-makhis eyes the most conspicuous features ing, force-generating and life-sustaining properties; is invaluable in all enfeebled conditions whether the result of exhaustion, nervous pro tration, overwork, or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints, well, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York.

"Adam was the first man that was evict-THEY that govern most make least my household duties had I not been strengthened and sustained by Warner's Safe Kidney

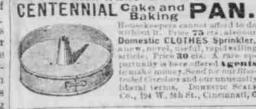
How President Grevy Lives in Paris A GOOD FAMILY REMEDY! Jules Grevy keeps the thrifty Mrs. Gilpin's maxims in view, who, though on STRICTLY PURE pleasure bent, had a frugal mind. M. Grevy was a well-to-do bourgeois when BALLS AM elected for seven years to succeed Mac-Mahon. His home was far off in the east of France, in the Jura Mountains, on the third floor in the Rue St. Arnaud, just off the Bonlevard des Capucines, the quarter best known to Americans. From the 500,000 francs and perquisites of his place he has already saved enough to enable him to buy three imposing buildings in the court quarter of town, near the most perfect bit of park scenery in What The Doctors Say! Dt. FLETCHER, of Lexington, Ma., says: "I received your 'Halsarm' in preference to any other medias for compleand colds."

Folderful cures of Consumption in his place th. J. h. TURNER, Higustsville, Ala., a practicing application of two organics of two decimals of the best experition for Communication in the world."

For all Diseases of the Throat, Lungs and Pulmonary Organs, it will be found a most excellent Remeay. AS AN EXPECTORANT IT HAS NO EQUAL.
IT CONTAINS NO OPIUM IN ANY FORM. J. N. HARRIS & CO., Proprietors, CINCINNATE O.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

AGENTS WANTED FOR OUR



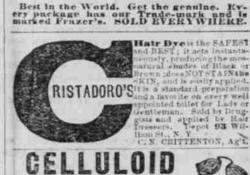
of the maine Confederate Mailes * reason; tales from 50 cents to \$500 notes, sent to receip stice and sending marked copy

John G. McMurray & Co. CANUPACTURE EVERY VARIETY, IN ALL GRADES, BRUSHES. 277 PEABL STREET, NEW YORK. ness upon his giddy adoption of the

\$ 7 7 7 A YEAR and expenses to Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusts, Maine, \$350 A MONTH. Agents Wanted.



FRAZER **AXLE GREASE.**



EYE-CLASSES. Representing the choicest selected Tortoise-Shell and Amber. The lightest, handsomest, and strongest known. Sold by Opticians and Jaciers. Made by SPENCER OPTICAL MFG CO., 13 Maiden Lane, New York.



HANNAH JAMES-Information Wanted. In the year 1862 Heff my mother at Peach Orchard Bluff, Arkenias, and have been trying to find her whereabouts, but as not have failed; her name was Harnab James, one of Edward James, and the state of Edward James, and the state of Edward James, and the state of Edward James, and the gratefully accepted by her son, HORACE JOHNSON, the Exchanges please copy. "Gu YOUNG MEN Learn Telegraphy! Earn \$40 to \$100 a offices. Address VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

\$724 Week, \$12 s day at home easily made. Costly True & Co., Augusta, Me EUROPE E. TOURIEE'S TOURS.
Send for Circular,
MUSIC HALL, BOSTON. A.B.C.Books.32 pages of amus-line and useful reading SENT FREE things, by dropping postal to BROWN CHEMICAL CO., Baltimore, Md.

CASH FREMIUMS. -Sample and terms AGENTS WANTED FOR THE ICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR

AGENTS WANTED in every city or town. No capitreller, Address, with reference, Garden City Grain Exchange, Chicago, Ill. \$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

A GENTS WANTED for the Best and Fastest Self-ing Fictorial Book and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per Seat. National Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa. PISO'S CURE for Consumption is also the best cough medicine. \$999 a year to Agents, and expenses. 86 Ouint | \$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address F. Swarn & Co., Atignsta, Me.

POND'S EXTRACT.

INVALUABLE FOR Catarch, Hoarseness, Rheumatism, Neu, ralgia, Asthma, Headache, Sore

Ulcers, Old Sores, de., de., de. CATARRHEXTRACT.

Throat, Toothache, Soreness,

No remedy so rapidly and effectually arrests the irritam and discharges from Catarrhal Affections as

POND'S EXTRACT. COUGHY, COLDS in the BEAD, NASAL and THROAT DINCHARGES, INFLAMMA-TIONS and ACCUMULATIONS in the LUNGS, EYEN, EARS and THROAT, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, de., cannot be cured so easily by any other medicine. For scrattive and severe cases of CA TARRII use our CATARRII CURE (75c.) In all see use our NASAL SYRINGE (25c.) Will

sent in lots of \$2 worth, on receipt of price.

DET OUR NEW PARCELLET WITH HISTORY OF OUR PREPA-TIONS, SHAY FREE ON APPLICATION TO

POND'S EXTRACT CO., 14 West Fourteenth Street, New York, SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

EIGHT REASONS

Why we NEVER sell POND'S EXTRACT in BULK, but adhere to the rule of selling ONLY in OUR own BOT-TLES, enclosed in BUFF WRAPPER, on which is printed our landscape Trade - Mark.

1. It insures the purchaser obtaining the genuine 2.—It protects the consumer in buying Pond's Ex-tract not weakened with water, which we found was tones few years ago, when we were induced to farnish dealers with the genuine article in both.

3 —It protects the consumer from unserupulous parties selling crude, clerap decertions to him as Fond's Extract, for any person can tell the genuine from the bettle and wrapper. 4.—It protects the consumer, for it is not safe to use any other article according to the directions given in our book, which surrounds each bottle of Pond's Extract. It protects the consumer, for it is not agreeable to be described and perhaps injured by using other articles under the directions for Fond's Extract.

6.—No other stricle, manufacture or imitation has the effect claimed for and always produced by Fond's Extract, 7.—It is prejudicial to the reputation of Fond's Extract to have people use accounterfelt, believing it to be the counter for they will early be disappointed if not injured by its effect. S .- Instice to one of the best medicines in the world. and the hundreds of thousands using it, demands every precaution scalars having weak and injurious preparations patient and its state genuine. The only way this can be accomplished is to sell the genuine, put up in a nulform manner—in our was boilles, complete with buff wrappers, trade marks, &c.

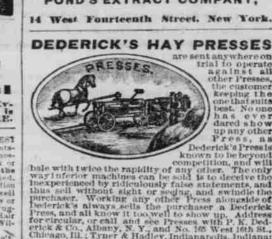
REMEMBER-The Genuine Pond's Ex

REMEMBER That all other preparations, if colless, are more decotions, boilings, or produced simply brain the edor and without the scientific or practical owiedge of the matter which many years of labor has REMEMBER, or know now-That all prepara-

Our New History and Uses of Pond's Extract and other

REMEMBER and know-That our very expen

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY,



WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND LIME.

If you are Interested

In the inquiry-Which is the best Liniment for Man and Beast?-this is the answer, attested by two generations: the MEXICAN MUSTANG LINI-MENT. The reason is simple. It penetrates every sore, wound, or lameness, to the very bone, and drives out all Inflammatory and morbid matter. It "goes to the root" of the trouble, and never fails to cure in double quick time.

AGENTS WANTED QUICK to take

and accurate edition of the REVISED

